

MARVEL

015

**GILLEN
SPURRIER
LAISO
ROSENBERG**

STAR WARS™

DOCTOR APHRA



REMASTERED

Part II

It is a time of instability as rebel forces fight the Galactic Empire. But on the fringes of the galaxy, the criminal underworld continues unabated in its pursuit of profits.

Rogue archaeologist and scoundrel Doctor Chelli Aphra is under new leadership, and she is not happy about it. Forcing her to call him "Master," the droid Triple-Zero is running a crime syndicate on Son-Tuul, and he is blackmailing Aphra to play the lead agent against her will.

Meanwhile, Imperial officer Magna Tolvan is recovering from yet another run-in with the infamous archaeologist after her crew blew up an Imperial station on the Outer Rim. Unbeknownst to Aphra, Tolvan was the only survivor....

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LIEUTENANT
MAGNA
TOLVAN?

MM?



IT'S
TIME.

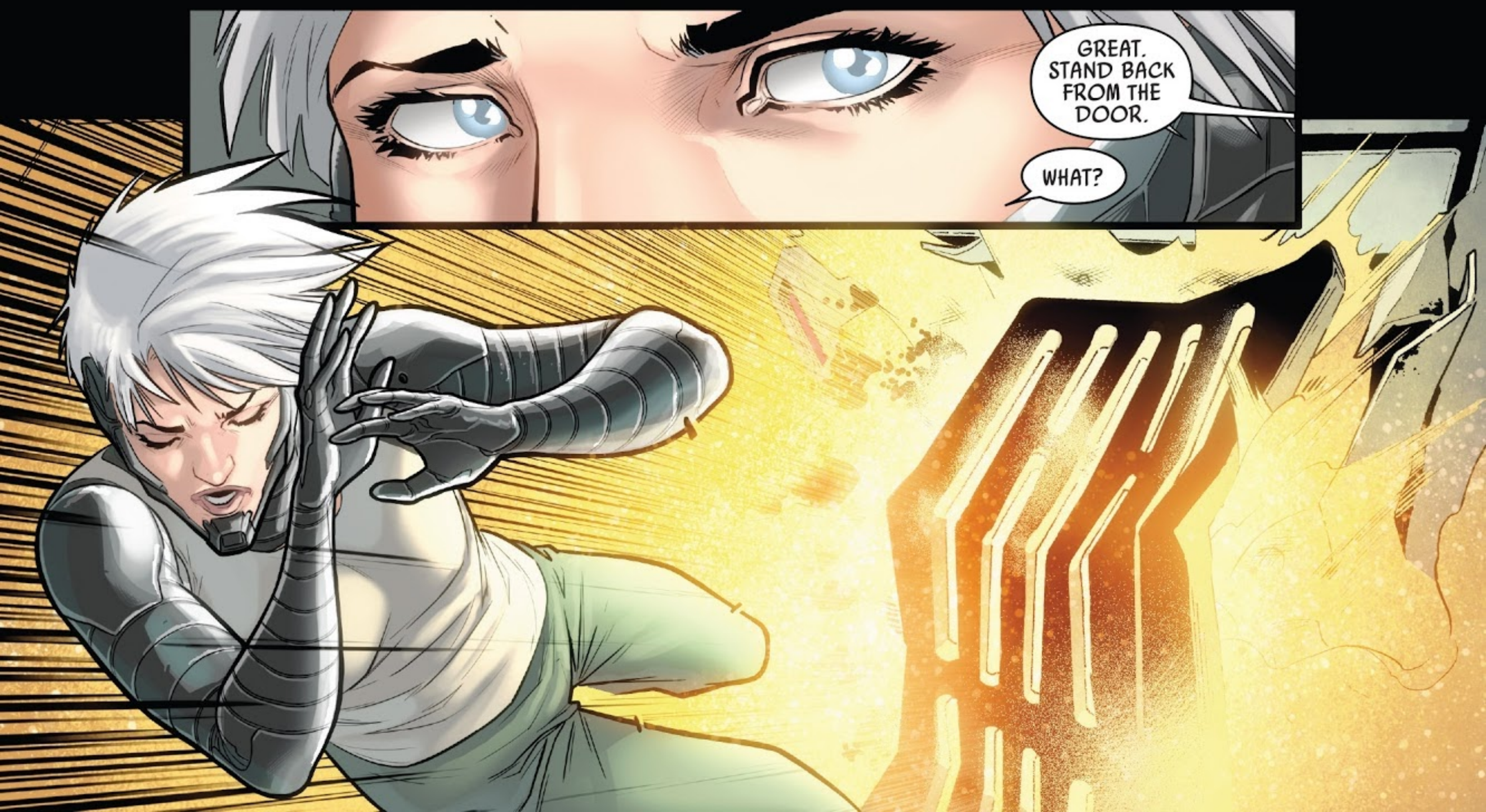
OH.



FOR
INCOMPETENCE
OF COMMAND AT
EADU, YAVIN, AND
SOMEILK, YOU HAVE
RECEIVED THREE
DEMERITS--

--AND
THUS BEEN
SENTENCED BY AUTO
INQUEST TO
EXECUTION.

I
UNDERSTAND.



GREAT.
STAND BACK
FROM THE
DOOR.

WHAT?





THEN...
WHO ARE
Y--

SSSHHH....



LIEUTENANT
TOLVAN?



LIEUTENANT
TOLVAN!

WZZZT?



WHAT'S--

IT'S
TIME.



DAMN.

"MORTALITY.

"IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLY...
ORGANIC...
PREOCCUPATION."

Son-Tuul.
0-0-0's
Relaxation
Suite.

I LIKE TO THINK
SOME OF US ARE
RATHER ABOVE IT.

BE A DEAR
AND PASS THE
NERVE-SHREDDERS,
BEETEE.

NO...
NO--!

TAKE ME, FOR
INSTANCE.

SHUTTLED FROM
BODY TO BODY
FOR CENTURIES. NEW
SKILLS, NEW LIMBS...
NEW MEMORIES.

WHYEVER SHOULD
THE LOSS OF MY
MATTER--WELL--
MATTER?

BUT ORIGINS--OH!
THERE'S SOMETHING
WORTH OBSESSING
OVER!

AAAAAAA!

HOW CAN A MIND KNOW
ONESELF IF IT KNOWS
NOTHING OF ITS FORMATIVE
NANOSECONDS? ITS
EARLIEST EXPERIENCES?

ITS
FIRST-EVER
MURDER.

Son-Tuul Streets.

BEEP BEEP

WELL--YES, BEETEE, I SUPPOSE I AM MONOLOGUING SOMEWHAT. WHAT OF IT?

BEEP BEEP

OF COURSE IT'S NOT VITAL THAT APHRA KNOW WHY WE'RE SENDING HER ON ANOTHER DEADLY MISSION, BUT I HAPPEN TO TH--

OH. OH, DEAR.

BEEEEEP



YES, THE PRISONER HAS RATHER GONE AND PERISHED, HASN'T HE? I SUPPOSE THE PROBIC AGONIZER WAS A STEP TOO FAR.

NEVER MIND. PLENTY MORE MYNOCKS IN THE EXOGORTH, AS THEY SAY.

BEEP BEEP



NO, I DON'T KNOW WHY THE DOCTOR HAS A HAIRY OUTGROWTH. IF YOU WANT TO DISSECT IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF.

I...I WAS TESTING A RELIC SPLICER RIG, THAT'S ALL. C-CLONED A TOOKA. I HAD ONE AS A PET WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

THERE, YOU SEE? ORIGINS!



THOUGH I EXPECTED RATHER MORE WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT LAB.

IT'S CUSTOMIZED. P-PLUS I RETROFITTED YOU SOME WEIRD DROIDS...



MM. AND NOT A SINGLE ANCIENT SLAUGHTERBOT AMONG THEM. I HAD SUCH HIGH HOPES...

THEN WHY USE ME? C'MON, TRIPLE-ZERO, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOB THUGS! WHATEVER I'M MEANT TO BE CHASING OUT HERE, WHY DON'T YOU GET IT YOURSELF?

YOU'RE HEAD OF A CRIME SYNDI--





THE
MERCENARIES
AWAIT YOU
ABOARD.

WE'RE
USING MERCS
NOW?



THE MASTER
COMMANDS THAT
YOU ASSEMBLE A TEAM
FROM AVAILABLE
ASSETS.

HERE. AUG
SCANNER.



BUT I DON'T
EVEN KNOW THE
MISSION! HOW AM
I SUPPOSED TO
CHOOSE?



JUDICIOUSLY.

REXA GO. HUMAN
FEMALE WITH AJA3
CYBORG CONSTRUCT.
BASICALLY A
REMOTE-CONTROLLED
KNUCKLE.

DATA FILE SAYS
HER INCLUSION IS
"NONNEGOTIABLE."



HALLIO BAS. SKAKOAN MALE. OUR
GUIDE. THE SUIT'S ADAPTED FOR
PRESSURIZED HYDROGEN SULPHIDE.

YOUR EYES
ARE WATERING,
HUMAN. ARE YOU
HYSTERICAL?

SMELLS LIKE DEATH
DIED AND GOT LEFT
IN THE SUN. ALSO
NONNEGOTIABLE.



AW.
TODAY'S GONNA
SUCK.

WHIMPER

TAM POSLA. FORMER MILVAYNE COP. THREW OUT THE LAWBOOK TO GO CHASE DOWN AN UNHINGED PSYCHO.

NOW WELL ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING ONE. DOING MERC WORK TO FUND THE HUNT.

HRR HRRR HRR

BEST NOT DISTURB HIM, MISS. HE'S GOT HIS HAPPY TUNES ON.

CAYSIN BOG. VICTIM OF AFOREMENTIONED UNHINGED PSYCHO. NOTE THE HAND.

DAMN. COUPLES MEAN COMPLICATIONS.

DEK-[NIL]. ONE OF THOSE "WEIRD DROIDS" I MENTIONED. 1ST-GEN DROIDEKA RETOOLLED WITH PROBABILITY TECH. (TINKERED WITH HIS EXISTENTIAL CIRCUITS, TOO.)

THE COLORS SO BEAUTIFUL CAN YOU HEAR THEM I CAN I CAN YES SO SOFT OHH THE MUSIC OF THE VOID IT CALLS.

MIGHT'VE OVERDONE IT.

THE VIOLET GHOST. MYSTERIOUS STRANGER MAKING A NAME IN SWORDCRAFT AND INCORRUPTIBLE MORALS.

WELL, HELL-O.

PROBABLY AN UNDERCOVER PRINCE, SOME CRAP LIKE THAT.

SISTER SIX. KICKED OUT OF THE ISOPTER DEATH CULT FOR GIGGLING DURING PRAYERS. IF ASSASSINS HAD ROYALTY SHE'D--WELL, SHE WOULD'VE KILLED IT BY NOW.

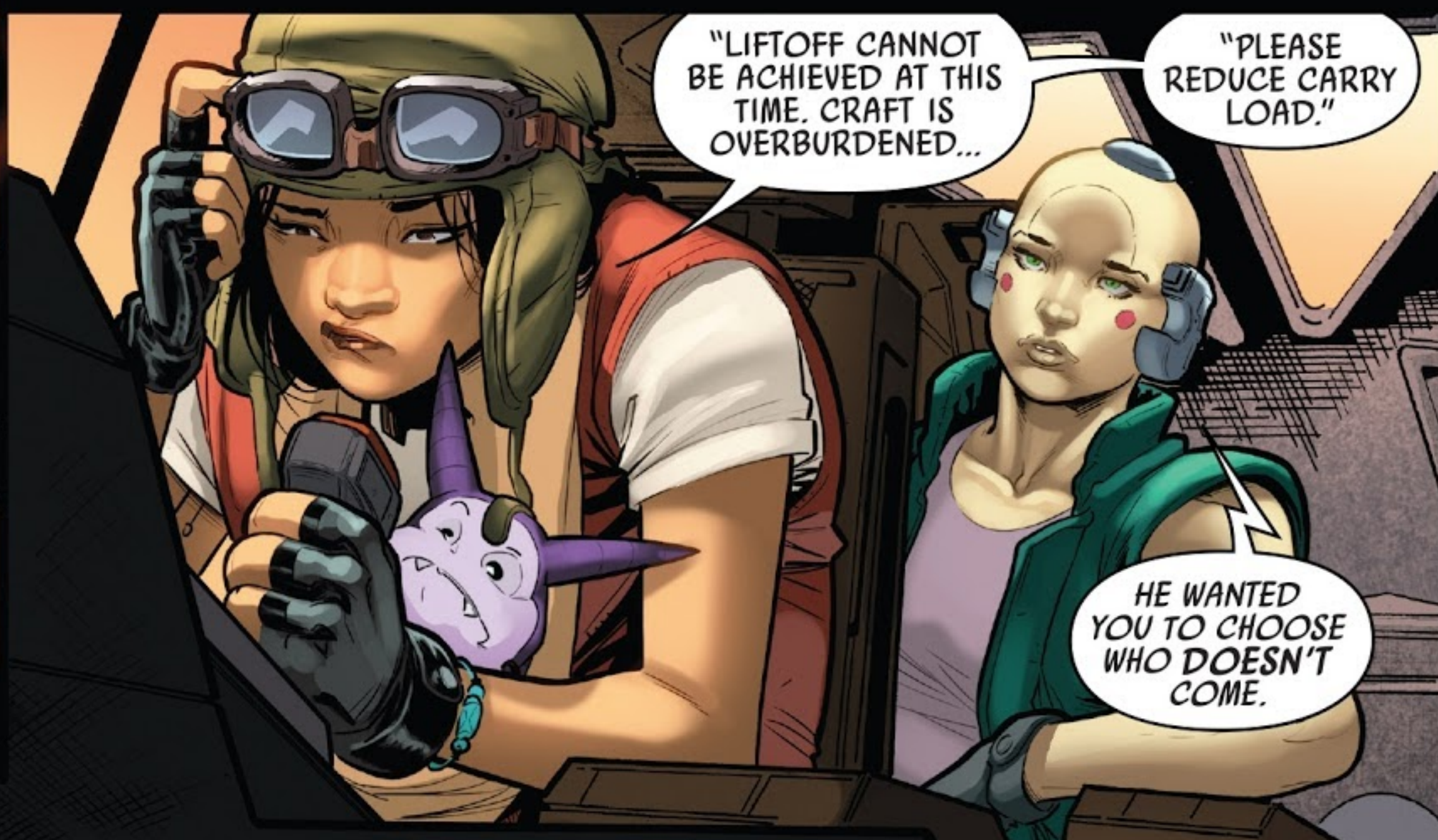
CHECKING MY STATS, HUH? TURN-ONS INCLUDE TONIRAY WINE, BACK RUBS, AND KNEE SHOTS.

(ACTUALLY KINDA HOT.)

GLAHST OMBRA. DEFEL SCOUT-VIXEN. GOT THAT CREEPY SHADOW AURA TRICK GOING ON WITH THE FUR.

Y'KNOW, I CAN SCENT A MOLECULE OF BLOOD FROM SIX MILES, BUT SURE, DUNGBREATHER, YOU JUST SIT RIGHT NEXT TO ME.

PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE APEX PREDATOR. WONDERFUL.





YOU!
STRAIGHTEN THAT BACK, YOU
ABHORRENT LITTLE SMEAR
OF BANTHA DUNG!

AND IS THAT A STAIN
ON YOUR SHINGUARD, IN
THE MIDDLE? REPORT TO THE
QUARTERMASTER AT
END OF SHIFT!

Dendada XVII. Imperial Internal Affairs Outpost.

SLOPPY,
I CALL IT.

I REALLY
AM TERRIBLY
SORRY,
MA'AM.

TROOPERS--
READY!

AIM!

WAIT!

JOYSTICK
CHEVRON...?

ORDERS
FROM HQ,
SIR!



HM. SEEMS ONE *INSPECTOR THANOTH* NAMED YOU HIS *LEGATEE*. YOU'VE BEEN REASSIGNED TO THE *INSPECTORATE*.

BUT HE DIED MONTHS AGO. WHY HAS THIS TAKEN SO LONG?

THE LOSS OF SCARIF SLOWED DOWN ALL NONESSENTIAL BUSINESS, AND BY THE TIME THAT HAD STRAIGHTENED UP, THEY WERE LOOKING FOR "CAPTAIN" TOLAN, SIR, NOT A LIEUTENANT.



≡TT≡
SLOPPY.

QUITE. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT, LIEUTENANT-INSPECTOR TOLVAN.

I APPRECIATE THAT, THANK YOU.



WELL, NO SENSE DELAYING FURTHER. LET'S GET BACK TO THE *EXECUTION*, SHALL WE?

NO. I THINK NOT.



INVESTIGATIVE BRANCHES OPERATE A *FOUR-DEMERIT* PUNITIVE SYSTEM--NOT THE *THREE* OF THE FIELD CORPS.

BASIC TRAINING, SERGEANT MAJOR. ARTICLE 3, SECTION 9. MEMORIZATION IS *MANDATORY*.



M-MY APOLOGIES, MA'AM, THE-- THE PRESSURES OF WORK. WE'VE HAD SO MANY *EXECUTIONS* LATELY, AND--

REPORT TO YOUR C.O. YOU WILL RECEIVE A *DEMERIT*.



B-BUT THAT'S MY *THIRD*...

SLOPPY.

"YES! TREMBLE, IMPERIAL FILTH!"

Son-Tuul Spaceport.

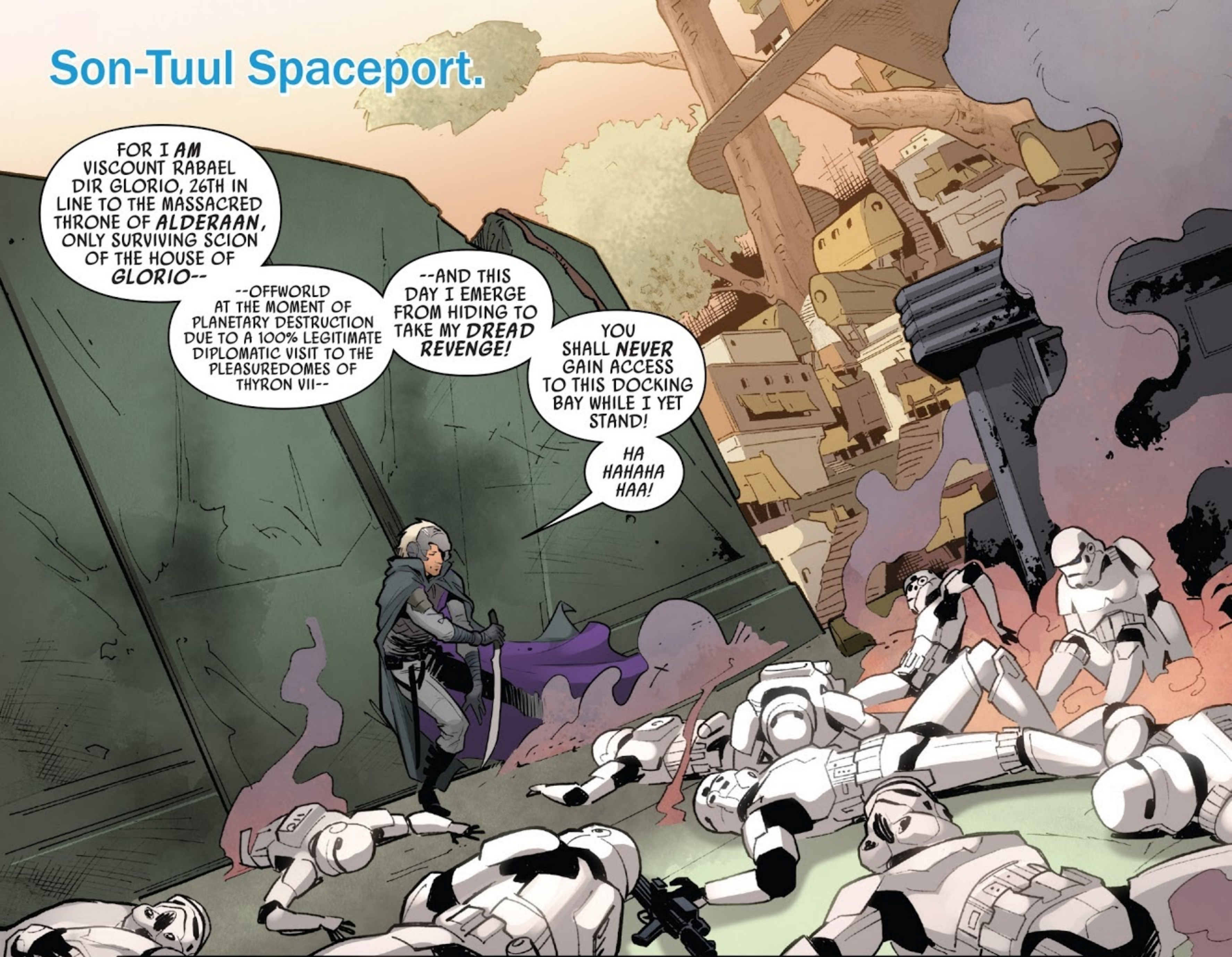
FOR I AM
VISCOUNT RABAE
DIR GLORIO, 26TH IN
LINE TO THE MASSACRED
THRONE OF *ALDERAAN*,
ONLY SURVIVING SCION
OF THE HOUSE OF
GLORIO--

--OFFWORLD
AT THE MOMENT OF
PLANETARY DESTRUCTION
DUE TO A 100% LEGITIMATE
DIPLOMATIC VISIT TO THE
PLEASUREDOMES OF
THYRON VII--

--AND THIS
DAY I EMERGE
FROM HIDING TO
TAKE MY *DREAD*
REVENGE!

YOU
SHALL *NEVER*
GAIN ACCESS
TO THIS DOCKING
BAY WHILE I YET
STAND!

HA
HAHAHA
HAA!



AH.
DOCTOR
LADY? NATURALLY
I APPRECIATE THE
OPPORTUNITY TO
VOLUNTEER FOR
PAYBACK--
BUT, AH...



IT APPEARS
REINFORCEMENTS *ARE*
COMING.

MM. YES
INDEED. *LOTS* OF
REINFORCEMENTS.

SO...IF YOU'D
BE A *DEAR* AND HAVE
THE RAMP LOWERED AND
READY, I'M HEADING BACK
INTO THE LAUNCH
BAY N--





NEVER TRUST
VOLUNTEERS,
FLUFTO.



LIARS, OR
IDIOTS, OR
BOTH.

OH. THOSE DEAR LITTLE
EPIGRAMS. I SO MISS THEM.

TELL ME SOMETHING, DOCTOR.
YOU JUST CONDEMNED A MAN
TO DIE SIMPLY TO REDUCE YOUR
CARRY WEIGHT. BEYOND THOSE
HOMESPUN MORAL PLATITUDES--



--AREN'T YOU
JUST A...LITTLE
EXHILARATED?

...
WAT
TAMBOR.



I BEG YOUR
PARDON?

I FIGURED
IT OUT. THAT STINKY
GUIDE BACK THERE'S
SKAKOAN. AND WE HIT
SOMEILK LAST WEEK TO
GET DATA FROM THE
CLONE WARS...

IT'S THE
TECHNO
UNION,
ISN'T IT?



THAT'S WHAT
THIS MISSION'S
ALL ABOUT.

WE'RE
GOING TO
RAID THE HOME
OF ITS DEAD
MASTER.

Skako Minor.

TAMBOR WAS SKAKO'S MOST CHERISHED SON. FOR US, HIS PERSONAL WORKSHOP IS A HOLY SITE.

PSSST

AHHH. IT'S SO GOOD TO BREATHE CLEAN AIR AGAIN.

SUCH VIRIDESCENT VAPORS THE HEART OH THE HEART SINGS LET US DANCE IN THE MIST.

A WHOLE WORLD OF FARTBREATH. THE SHEER ENDLESS JOY OF IT.

DIBS ON THE WOLF'S FUR IF SHE DROWNS IN REBREATH PUKES.

THE TECHNO UNION WAS THE STRONGEST SEPARATIST FACTION. WE WOULDN'T BE STUCK WITH THE EMPIRE TODAY IF MORE HAD FOLLOWED TAMBOR'S LEAD.

...CONQUEST, EXPERIMENTATION, PETTY ACQUISITION...

AN UNREPENTANT VILLAIN!

BETTER THAN A REPENTANT ONE.

IN THE EVENT, MOST OF THE UNION'S ASSETS WERE SEIZED BY IMPERIAL R&D.

REMINDER: YOUR ANONYMOUS PAYMASTER HAS FIRST CLAIM ON THE RUINS. ANYTHING LEFT, YOU MAY ALL LOOT FREELY.

HE WANTS SOMETHING THE UNION HAD, HUH?

HEY, FROG GUY, HOW COME THE IMPS NEVER SEIZED THIS PLACE?

THEY COULDN'T FIND IT. ONLY A NATIVE AS GIFTED AS I MAY NAVIGATE THE FUNGAL FOREST.

AT LEAST...

THAT'S THE LIE I TOLD YOUR MASTER.

FREEZE.



SO THE EVIL-SMELLING AMPHIBIAN'S A TRAITOR. I LITERALLY COULDN'T BE MORE SHOCKED.

TT. CRIMINALS. ALL ALIKE.

I COULD KILL TEN BEFORE THEY GET US. *OR*--JUST AN OPTION--ENTERTAININGLY MAIM FOURTEEN. I NOMINATE THE LATTER.

COMMANDER! I'VE DONE AS YOU ASKED! *PLEASE*--THIS IS THE THIRD PACK OF LOOTERS WE'VE BROUGHT YOU.

ALL OF SKAKO BEGS YOU--END THE OCCUPATION! RETURN THE RUINS TO THE NATIVES! THAT WAS THE *DEAL*!

THE EMPIRE DOESN'T *DO* DEALS, FOOL.

CUT THEM DOWN. WE'LL RUN I.D.S FROM THE CORPSES.

WAIT!



FLUFTO DOESN'T DESERVE THIS.

WON'T YOU PLEASE LOOK AFTER HIM? HE'S AN INNOCENT. HE DIDN'T ASK TO BE SPLICED.



...SSSSSS... I SUPPOSE IF I CAN'T LIBERATE MY PEOPLE, I CAN AT LEAST BRING THEM A MEAL...

TROOPERS--PRESENT ARMS! ANY LAST WORDS, SCUM?

CODEPHRASE: SNUGGLEBUM OOGIEWOOGIE.

SO LONG, FLUFTO.



Imperial Inspectorate HQ. Coruscant.

ACCESS
DATABANKS--
AUTHORITY, LIEUTENANT-
INSPECTOR MAGNA
TOLVAN.

RUN A
SEARCH AND
REFINE BY
TERM.

HUMAN.
FEMALE. BRUNETTE.
ELECTRO TATTOOS.
NICE EYES.

ERROR.
PLEASE
CLARIF--

STRIKE
THAT LAST
ONE.

CRIMINAL.
YAVIN. OUTER
RIM. KNOWLEDGE OF
IMPERIAL TECH. AND...
"ADDICTED TO
DIGGING UP OLD
STUFF."

TRY
"ARCHAEOLOGIST."

ONE
RESULT.

ERROR.
DIRECTIVE
081-OMEGA.
FILE CONTENTS
DELETED.

WHAT?
DEFINE "DIRECTIVE
081-OMEGA."

ERROR.
THERE IS
NO SUCH
DIRECTIVE.

...

EXIT THE
DATABANK. OPEN
THE PERSONAL FILES
OF INSPECTOR
THANOTH.

RUN A SEARCH.
"DIRECTIVE
081-OMEGA."

ONE RESULT.
QUOTING
SEGMENT:



...AND SINCE MY NEW
ASIGNEE ENJOYS
081-OMEGA RATING--
THAT IS, THE HIGHEST
AUTHORITY TO ACCESS
AND ALTER RECORDS--
I CANNOT TRUST
ANYTHING ON FILE.
I MUST BE--

PAUSE.

THANOTH WAS
SERVING AS AN
ADJUTANT WHEN
HE DIED. WHO
WAS HE
ASSIGNED
TO?

DISPLAYING
I.D. FILE:



OH,
HELL.

DOCTOR APHRA NEXT ISSUE!



A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away
is a lot easier to get to than you think –
and we want to hear from you!
Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if
you want to make it onto a future letters
page. Don't forget to mark the letter
"OK TO PRINT."